relationships that came into play yesterday. At least in this way you are finally rid of them.

Thus humanity gradually frees itself. But so gradually that it is not aware of the process.

And yet don't go believing in progress except for this reason:

Any locomotion whatsoever, even that of a crawfish, can only be imagined as moving forward, and even if you turned all your faces toward it, the past would none the less go off into the past. What is done is not to be redone.

But to believe that humanity has an end outside itself and not projected by itself would be madness and chasing after a shadow. Man's progress takes place only within himself and has not the victorious significance that you attribute to it.

Ossa collapsed on Pelion, and heaven cannot be scaled. Moreover we should not find in heaven an exclusive gathering of Truths seated on thrones with little corners reserved for us to sit on.

The gods, if they existed, would see our endless struggle as children on beaches amuse themselves with the relative advances of the waves. One is coming; oh, progress! It rises; it overruns and submerges everything; it leaves a froth and withdraws; another follows and rises a bit higher— oh, progress! it's a tide. The tide recedes; the next day it wins over a few more inches of beach —oh, progress! just think how far it will go tomorrow! But the day after tomorrow the equinox is passed and the sea goes down—but continues to be in stress and slowly nibbles away the land.

Time and space are the stage that the innumerable truths have set up with the aid of our minds, and we act upon those boards like willing, convinced, devoted, and voluptuous marionettes. I don't see anything in this to be upset about; on the contrary, I prefer this understanding of

my role; and, after all, even if everything motivates that role, each one of us invents his own,

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You will learn to look upon humanity as the staging of ideas on earth.

Our sole value is one of representation.

They suffered from the burden of themselves and did not know how to get rid of it. Charity did not tempt them. The individual became unbearable to them, and others even more than themselves. No longer wanting to attend to themselves, they certainly did not want to attend to others. But attend to what, then? What to cling to?

This tormented them so long as they thought ideas subordinate to men. But as soon as they realized them to be sovereign, they attended only to ideas and forgot themselves in doing so.